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SERMON ON OUR POSSESSIONS

Meligion Does Not Put a Man on Short Allowance-The Christian's Mag-

nificent Inheritance.

Lospos, July 12.-Dr. Talmage's preaching tour in England has been a estimued series of unprecedented suc-The English people have assembled by thousands to hear the American preacher wherever he has preached. In Manchester the great Free Trade hall was engaged for him. It holds seven thousand persons, but it would not contain a third of the people who tried to get in. The streets leading to the hall were jammed with a dense, surging mass of humanity. After the service Dr. Talmage preached in the street to the crowd, which numbered fully difteen usend. The sermon selected for this week is entitled "Our Possessions," from I Corunthians til, 23, "All are yours."

The impression is abroad that religion qts a man on short allowance; that then the ship sailing heavenward comes to the shining wharf it will be found out that all the passengers had the hardest kind of sea fare; that the soldiers in Christ's army march most of the time with an empty haversack; in a word, that only those people have a good time in this world who take upon themselves no religious obligation.

I want today to find out whether this b so, and I am going to take account of stock; I am going to show what are the Christian's liabilities, and what is his come, and what are his warrantee eeds, and what are his bonds and mort-

ages, and I shall find out before I finsh just how much he is worth, and I shall spread before you the balance sheet in time to warn you all against the religion of Jesus Christ if indeed it be a failure, and in time for you all to accept it if indeed it be a success. I turn first to the ascets, and I find there what seems to be a roll of government curities—the empire of heaven prombeing all things to the possessor. The three small words of my text are a warntee deed to the whole universe when it says "All are yours."

In making an inventory of the Christian's possessions I remark in the first place that he owns this world. My text place that he owns this world. My text implies it and the preceding verse asserts it—"whether Paul or Apollos or Cephas or the world." Now it would be an absurd thing to suppose that God would give to strangers privileges and advantages which he would deay his own children. If you have a large park, a grand massion, beautiful fountains, stalking deer and statusery to whom will you deer and statuary, to whom will you children. You will say, "It will be very well for outsiders to come in and walk these paths are the walk these paths are the walk give the first right to all these posseswalk these paths and enjoy this land-scape, but the first right to my house, and the first right to my statuary, the first right to my statuary, the first right to my statuary, the possession of my own children."

Now this world is God's park, and thile he allows those who are not his children, and who refuse his authority, the privilege of walking through the gardens, the possession of all this grandour of park sul mansion is in the right of the Christian—the flowers, the diamends, the silver, the gold, the morning brightness and the evening shadow. The Christian may not have the title deed to one acre of land as recorded in the charter of the silver have the silver. the clerk's office, he may never have paid one dollar of taxes, but he can go up on a mountain and look off upon fifty miles of grain field and may, "All this is mine; my father gave it to me." "All are yours."

A lawyer is sometimes required to search titles, and the client who thinks he has a good right to an estate puts the papers in his hards, and the lawyer goes into the public records and finds everything right for three or four or five a break in the title, to a deficit, to a diversion of the property; so he finds out that the man who supposed he owned it owns not an acre of the ground, while somebody else has the full right to the entire estate. Now I examine the title to all earthly personations. I go back a ittle way, and I find that men of the world had men, selfish men, wicked men think they have a right to all these possessions; but I go further back, and I trace the title from year to year and from century to century, until I find the whole right vested in God.

Now to whom did he give it? To his

own children! "All are yours." The simple fact is, that in the last lays of the world all the architecture, all the cities, all the mountains, all the villages will be in the possession of the church of Christ. "The meek shall in-herit the earth." Ships of Tarshish shall bring presents. "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof." "All ere yours." "But," you say, "what satction is there in that when I haven't come before the Supreme Judge of the universe and he will regulate the title, and he will eject these squatters upon the property that does not belong to them, and it shall be found that "All SCO PORTS."

THE DEFINEMENTS OF LIPS. So, age the refinements of life are s right. He has a right to m good a marel, to us beautiful adornnts, to as commotions a residence as the worldling. Show me any passage in the Ethic that tells the people of the forbit they have privileges, they have befitting pparel that are densed the Christian. here is no one who has so much a right laugh, mone so much a right to everying that is beautiful and grand and dime in life as the Christian. "All are yours." Can it be possible that one who is rockless and sinful and has no treasures laid up in heaven is to be allowed pleasures which the sons and daughters of God, the owners of the whole universe, are denied?

So I remark that all the sweet sounds

of the world are in the Christian's right. There are people who have an idea that instruments of music are inappropriate for the Christian's parlor. When did the house of sin or the bacchaoal get the right to music? They have no right wit. God, in my test, makes over to

Christian people all the planes, all the harps, all the drums, all the cornets, all the flutes, all the organs. People of the world may borrow them, but they only borrow them; they have no right or title to them. God gave them to Christian people in my text, when he said, "All

David no more certainly owned the harp with which he thrummed the praises of God than the church of Christ owns now ail chants, all anthems, all ivory keyboards, all organ dispasons, and God will gather up these sweet sounds after awhile, and he will mingle them in one great harmony, and the Mendelssohns, and the Beethovens, and the Mozarts of earth will join their voices and their musical instruments, and soft south wind and loud lunged enroclydon will sweep the great organ pipes, and you shall see God's hand striking the keys and God's foot tramping the pedals in the great oratorio of

So all artistic and literary advantages are in the Christian's right. I do not care on whose wall the picture hangs, or on whose pedestal the sculpture stands, it belongs to Christians. The Bierstadts and the churches are all working for us. "All are yours." The Luxembourgs, the Louvre, all the galleries of Naples and Rome and Venice they are all to come into the possession of the church of Jesus Christ. We may not now have them on our walls, but the time will come when the writ of electment will be served and the church will possess everthing. All parks, all fishponds, all colors, all harvests—all, "all are yours."

FOOD AND CLOTHING.

Secondly, I remark that the right to full temporal support is in the Christian's name. It is a great affair to feed the world. Just think of the fact that this morning sixteen hundred millions of our race breakfasted at God's table! The commissary department of a hundred thousand men in any army will engage scores of people, but just think of a commissary department of a world! Think of the gathering up from the rice swamps, and the tea fields, and the or-chards, and the fisheries! No one but God could tell how many bushels it would take to feed five continents.

Then, to clothe all these people, how many furs must be captured and how much flax broken and how much cotton picked. Just think of the infinite wardrobe where sixteen hundred millions of people get their clothest God spreads the table first of all for his children. Of course that would be a very selfish man who would not allow other people to come and sit at the table sometimes; but first of all, the right is given to Christian people, and therefore it is ex-treme folly for them ever to fret about

Who fed the whales sporting off Cape Hatterss this morning? Out of whose hand did the cormorant pick its food? Whose loom wove the butterfly's wing? Who hears the hawk's cry? If God takes care of a walrus, and a Siberian dog, and a wasp, will be not take care of you? Will a father have more regard for reptiles than for his sons and daughters? If God clothes the grizzly bear, and the panther, and the hyens, will be not clothe his own children? Come, then, this morning, and get the key of the infinite storehouse. Come and get the key of the infinite wardrobe. Here they

So all the keys. "All are yours."
So all the vicissitudes of this life, so far as they have any religious profit, are in the right of the Christian. If you should stand among the Alleghany mountains, especially near what is called the "Horseshoe," you would find a train of cars almost doubling on itself, and sitting in the back car you see a locomotive coming as you look out of the win-dow, and you think it is another train when it is only the front of the train in which you are riding, and sometimes you can hardly tell whether the train is going toward Pittsburg or toward Phil-adelphia, but it is on the track, and it will reach the depot for which it started. and all the passengers will be discharged at the right place. Now there are a great many sharp curves in life. Sometimes we seem to be going this way and mes we seem to be going that way, but if we are Christians we are on the right track and we are going to come

out at the right place. Do not get wor-ried, then, about the sharp curve.

A sailing vessel starts from New York for Glasgow. Does it go in a straight line? Ob, no. It changes its tack every little while. Now you say, "This ves-sel, instead of going to Glasgow, must be going to Havre, or it is going to Ham-burg, or it is going to Marseilles." No, no. It is going to Glasgow. And in this voyage of life we often have to change our tack. One storm blows us this way, and another storm blows us that way; but he who holds the winds in his fist will bring us into a haven of everlasting rest just at the right time. Do not worry, then, if you have to change tack.

PAUL'S LUCKY ACCIDENT. One of the best things that ever hap-pened to Paul was being thrown off his horse. One of the best things that ever happened to Joseph was being thrown into the pit. The losing of his physical eyesight helped John Milton to see the battle of the angels. One of the best things that ever happened to Ignatius was being thrown to the wild beasts in the Coliseum, and while eighty thousand people were jeering at his religion he walked up to the flercest of all the lions and looked him in the eye, as much as to say, "Here I am, ready to be de-voured for Christ's sake."

All things work together for your good. If you walk the desert, the manna will fail and the sea will part. If the feverish torch of sickness is kindled over your pillow, by its light you can read the promises. If the waves of trouble dash high above your girdle, across the biast and across the surge you can hear the promise, "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee." You never owned a glove, or a shoe, or a hat, or a coat more certainly than you own all the frets and annoyances and exasperations of this life, and they are bound to work out your present and your eternal good. They are the saws, the hammers, the flies by which you are to be hewn and cut and smoothed for your sternal well being.

Here is a vessel that goes along the coast; it hugs the coast. The captain of that vessel seems chiefly anglous to heap the paint on his ship from being marred or the sails from being torn. When that vessel comes to port, nobedy looks on it with any interest. But here is a vessel that went across the sea with vast product and comes in with vast im-portation—sails parched, maste splined.

water; it has come through the hurri-cane which has sunk twenty steamers. The bronzed men are cheering among the rigging. Now the men-of-war an-

welcome through the portholes. So there are some Christians who are having an easy time. It seems to them smooth sailing all the way. When they get into heaven there will be no excitement, there will be very few people who will over find out they are there; but those Christians who have gone through a hundred midnight hurricanes storm to the right of them, storm to the left of them, storm all the way-when they come up the harbor of heaven, all the redeemed will turn out to greet them, and bid them ball and welcome.

THIS WORLD AND THE NEXT. I go further, and tell you that the Christian owns not only this world, but he owns the next world. No chasm to be loaped, no desert to be crossed. There is the wall; there is the gate of heaven. He owns all on this side. Now, I am going to show you that he owns all on the other side. Death is not a ruffian that comes down to burn us out of house and home, destroying the house of the tabernacle, so that we should be homeless forever. Oh, not He is only a black messenger who comes to tell us it is time to move; to tell us to get out of this but and go up into the palace.

The Christian owns all heaven. "All are yours." Its palaces of beauty, its He will not walk in the eternal city as a foreigner in a strange city, but as a farmer walks over his own premises. "All are yours." All the mansions yours. Angels your companions. Trees of life your shade. Hills of glory your lookout. Thrones of heaven the place where you will shout the triumph. Jesus is yours. God is yours. You look up into the face of God and say, "My Father." You look up into the face of esus and say, "My brother."

Walk out upon the battlements of heaven and look off upon the city of the sun. No tears. No sorrow. No death. No smoke of toiling warehouse curling on the air. No voice of blasphemy thrilling through that bright, clear Sabbath morning. No din of strife jarring the air. Then take out your deed and remember that from throne to throne, and from wall to wall, and from horizon

to horizon "All are yours."

Then get up into the temple of the sun, worshipers in white, each with a palm branch, and from high gallery of that temple look down upon the thousands of thousands, and the ten thousand times ten thousand, and the one hundred and forty and four thousand, and the great "multitude that no man can number," and louder than the rush of the wheels, louder than the tramp of the redeemed, hear a voice saying, "All are yours!"

See the great procession marching around the throne of God. Martyrs who went up on wings of flame. Invalids who went up from couches of distrees. Toilers who went up from the workhouse, and the factory, and the mine. All the suffering and the bruised children of God. See the chariots of salvation; in them those who were more than conquerors. See them marching around about the throne of God forever and forever, and know that all are

ETERNAL HEALTH.

O ye who have pains of body that exhanst your strength and wear out your patience, I hold before you this morning the land of eternal health and of imperishable beauty, and "all is yours!" O ye who have hard work to get your daily bread, hard work to shelter your children from the storm, I lift before you the vision of that land where they never hunger, and they never thirst, and God feeds them, and robes cover them, and the warmth of eternal love fills them, and all that is yours!

O ye whose hearts are buried in the grave of your dead! O ye whose happiness went by long ago! O ye who mourn for countenances that never will light up, and for eyes closed forever, sit no longer among the tombe, but look here! A home that shall never be broken up. Green fields never cleft of the grave. Ransomed ones from you parted long ago, now radiant with a joy that shall never cease and a love that shall never grow cold, and wearing garments that shall never wither, and know all that is yours. Yours the love. Yours the acclaim. Yours the transport. Yours the cry of the four-and-twenty elders. Yours choiring of cherubin. Yours the

lamb that was slain. In the vision of that glorious co mation I almost lose my foothold, and have to hold fast lest I be overborne by the glory. The vision rose before St. John on Patmos, and he saw Christ in a blood red garment, riding on a white horse, and all beaven following him on white horses. What a procession! Let Jesus ride. He walked the way foot-sore, weary and faint. Now let him ride. White horse of victory, bear on

our chief. Hosanna to the son of David! Ride on, Jesus! Let all beaven follow him. These cavalry of God fought well and they fought triumphantly.

Now let them be mounted. The pavements of gold ring under the flying toofs. Swords sheathed and victories won, like conquerors they sit on their chargers. Ye mounted troops of God, ride on! ride on! ten thousand abreast, cavalcade after cavalcade. No blood dashed to the lips. No blood dripping from the fetlocks. No smoke of battle breathed from the nostril. The battle

is ended—the victory won! Oh, if there be any present who are yet enemies of the Cross of Christ, I beseech them at once to be reconciled to God! Remember if you are not found among that white robed army who follow the Saviour in his victorious march, your part must be with those concerning whom it is said, "The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven in flaming fire, taking vengeance on those that know not God and obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord and from the glory of his power, when he shall come to be glorified in his saints, and to be admited in all them that believe."

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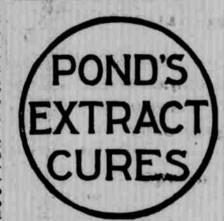
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